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The Message of the Future

By the Same Author

Christ and Buddha

In His Name

Flowers and Gardens

What we shall Teach

I Promise: Talks to Young Disciples

How we Remember our Past Lives

Theosophy and Modern Thought

C. Jñānarājadāsa

No. 60 - J.

The Message of the Future

BY

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M.A., (CANTAB.)

[redacted]

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To

Best of Friends

who

"In His Name"

helps many to

achieve

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The World-Teacher's Messsage to a World at War.*

I HAVE purposely put down as the title of my subject "The World-Teacher's Message to a World at War;" the Order of the Star in the East believes in the coming of a great World-Teacher, and its members hope in their own lives that they may to some extent be the precursors of His coming. With that hope, then, we have certain beliefs, we claim that we have a certain wisdom to give, and therefore it is that we think we can say what would be the great World-Teacher's message, were He with us now, to a world at War.

Now the first question that we all need to ask ourselves is, "Why should the

*A Lecture delivered in London, July 7th, 1916.

world be at War?" You will find that the answer to that is, as a matter of fact, a far deeper thing than people realise. Most people give the answer, "It is due to the ambitions of various rulers; the world is at war because of the actions of people who aim at world supremacy; the war is due to the greed of capitalists," and, as you all are aware, we assign the blame for the outbreak of the war to one particular ruler. But twenty-seven years ago, when I first came to England as a boy, I remember my elders then talking of the great European war; I remember them saying, "The great war will break out from Austria," and for over a quarter of a century I have been watching for that event. Everyone saw that the war would come; yet how is it that for twenty-five years at least — it is more than that really, since, indeed, the ending of the Franco-German War—though everyone saw that the world would be at war, yet

no statesman, no ruler, no religious teacher was able to prevent the coming of the war? So, I want to explain to you another view of these events concerning the wars that have happened in history, and how, if we understand, we may bring about a civilisation that is without war.

The first great fundamental fact is that man is a soul, though he has a body; that the world is of matter, but it is also of Spirit; and if we see this duality in the world, as we all feel it in our own lives, we shall begin to realise that there ensues, so long as there persists this duality, a certain struggle. It is the attempt on the part of the soul to dominate the body, and on the part of the Spirit to impose its Will on matter. The second great fact is that there is an opening Life, unlimited, full of power, in and through all things. In this mysterious universe in which we live this opening Life is striving always after a

greater self-realisation, and that striving is the whole history of civilisation.

Now let us watch the striving of the great World Spirit throughout the ages, from its commencement in the life of the savage. The savage is descended from the brute as regards his body ; he feels instinctively in every atom of his body the law of the brute, the survival of the fittest and the struggle for existence ; we find that the savage, at his earliest stage, is hardly to be distinguished from the animal. The savage slays the animal for food and because he fears it ; the life of the savage has the higher possibilities, and, as the World Spirit reveals itself, the animal life with the lower possibilities gives way. The war between the savage and the brute means advancement ; and that is the first stage. But now comes a second stage, when there dawns another phase of the great World Spirit's self-realisation ; the savage has then imposed upon him

from without a law and order which makes him an individual of a family. He is now no longer an individual savage fighting for himself; he is the head of a family, and he slays the animal for his dependants also. Because he has wife and children he is forced to limit his individual liberty; he cannot go and slay at will those of his own family, he must, on the other hand, protect them. The lesson of selflessness is imposed upon him from without. But he still slays his enemy outside the family; yet, in spite of his slaughter, there is in his environment something of a higher life, for he realises that the coming together of the family means a saving of labour, and that there is also more time for him to play. Then we have civilisation passing on to further stages till the individual families are organised into tribes. That means the restriction of the liberty of the family, but it also means the welfare and the gain of the tribe as a whole. We

have the next stage, when the tribes are organised into peoples and nations; thence arise sciences and arts and religions, and all other characteristics of civilisation.

Each re-organisation means the limitation to some extent of the individual's liberty; but through that sacrifice of individual freedom, there is gained a liberty of the Spirit, for man dimly begins to realise that through the sacrifice of his personal will he finds the realm of the Spirit—in religion, in art, and in all things that are beautiful and inspiring in life. Slowly, thus civilisations came in the past, and with each step there was more realisation of the Spirit aspect of man.

Let us pass over hundreds of thousands of years, until we come to the dawn of the modern age, which began with modern science; there then appeared on the scene a new type of knowledge, a knowledge that was not sacred and limited to priests and only given to the few, but a knowledge

that could be acquired by every one who cared for the undertaking. And this influence of science was not directed towards heaven; it was a knowledge that gave power over the rock, over the water, over the air; wherever science went and discovered there was power for human use; and so there was added to human life a new element—the power over nature. But though power came, there did not come wisdom.

Now, man in the past has had many wars, and each war was to some extent to break the bonds of the inner life struggling for higher realisation; but man did not understand this, he always thought that wars were necessary for the life of the individual, not understanding that the individual is a Spirit; so man identified himself with the mere brute aspect of warfare, not recognising that wars happen only when things are evil in civilisation, and the World Spirit is confined and

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limited. We say that war produces suffering; but it is not so; it is suffering that produces war. A crippling of the human Spirit produces degradation, and wars then become absolutely inevitable; so when nations live side by side, and, all unheeded by their rulers, poverty begins, ignorance flourishes, and misery is rife, then statesmen begin to be confused as to their policies, and wars are the result. But war comes only because there is a larger life within a people, a mysterious World Spirit that wills to come to greater realisation, even if it has to destroy the whole social structure, if that will not adapt itself. Always wars, but with them always an advancement, a going forward, step by step, towards the fuller realisation of the possibilities of the Spirit, for man must ever be engaged in a warfare with matter.

Now, it was this same struggle that was continued, but far more ruthlessly and blindly, when modern science began; for

with science there was given to us the opportunity to eat of the Tree of Life, and of the Knowledge of good and evil ; and we chose, not the good, but the evil, not life but death. It was science that gave us power over nature ; thence machinery began, and all the countries of the world were opened to trade ; but what did that give us? Principally a ruthlessness of warfare, now carried into the realm of civilisation, so that the man in those days who had no machinery, the man who worked at his hand-loom, was pushed aside as no longer fit to survive ; the man who owned the machinery cared nothing at all for the suffering of the individuals who were pushed to one side and utterly crushed out ; " economic development " paid no attention to the misery of those " unfit to survive." We have had that scheme of things slowly developing, until now we have all over the world, and especially in Western lands, magnificent

civilisations of material achievement. But what underlies it all?

We need not look far, we need but go a few steps from this hall to see, side by side with well-being and happiness and luxury, poverty of the most degrading kind; it sounds incredulous, except for the fact that it is here and we can see it before our eyes. We have this curious juxtaposition of high culture, and, by its side, the worst possible kind of slums; and we have been going on with this, not noting the contrast, except once in a while, and then by a few only. We have taken for granted that, under the conditions of our civilisation, poverty had to be with us always, that it was a part of the natural order of things that a certain number of the unfit should go under, that there should be the slums, the feeble-minded, the miserable and the criminally minded. With all the joys of our modern civilisation and with

its high achievements, who knows not of its tragedies? Look into the factories where the children of God feed machines as if they were themselves mere machines and no more, or into those homes where cheap toys are made, or buttons are sewn on cards, and such cheap articles are put together, and you will see something of the tragedy of the men and women and children. Who does not know of the present-day labour conditions, and what they often mean for many a woman worker? We all know that ghastly tragedy of the woman worker's life, and we all put up with it. Here in England, happily, there is not now the exploitation of the child, the factory laws have slowly put an end to that tragedy; but not all through the world; this day, in some of the Southern States of America, you will see children of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen working in the factories; so difficult is life for their parents that, to

help to support the family, the children also must work in the factories.

There is a ghastly tragedy going on all around us, so ghastly that no single one of us can separate himself from it now. Suppose you are horror-struck at all the conditions that you read of in sweating-dens, suppose you have plenty of money, and say, " I will have nothing to do with it, I will go to the most expensive shops for what I want, for surely then I shall be free of this curse of sweating and of responsibility for all the slum conditions ; " yet you can purchase *nothing* which has not the taint of some miserable room, where a woman or child has not been sweated while doing some piece of the work. These are the conditions to-day.

Again, too, in our civilisation we find an impurity, not so much a moral impurity, but a material impurity of adulteration ; so much so that we hardly know whether

we are getting true things or true and false things mixed together when we make our purchases; adulteration is a part now of our civilisation, East and West. It is not especially the blame of any one trade, it is the blame of this whole civilisation which has arisen in such a way that men have had given into their hands power over nature, whether they were morally fit or not to have that power. Then look, too, at the conditions everywhere where science has gone with its machinery; truly it has almost abolished some diseases, but only to bring to our attention new ones; it has enabled us to understand the laws of sanitation, but, on the other hand, such strength has science given to the spirit of competition, that Beauty—where is it now? Look at our fields, and see the advertisements that disfigure them; there is everywhere noise, restlessness, an "uglification" as Alice in Wonderland put it, of all life.

And these are the conditions in which we live, that have given us *peace!*

Now, they have said in the East for many ages that "the tears of the poor undermine the thrones of kings." For we live not in two worlds—one of matter and the other of Spirit—but in one world; there is but one Will at work, the Spirit of God, and that Spirit of God is, too, the Spirit of Man; and when these ghastly conditions of civilisation appear, then it is that the World Spirit on its upward way breaks the conditions, and we call that breaking *War*. We have talked so much of the blessings of peace, but I remember what Tennyson wrote over fifty years ago about peace:—

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? We have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

TO A WORLD AT WAR.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life,

And Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson lights.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of
children's bones,
Is it peace, or war? better war! loud war by
land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a
hundred thrones.

We have such a war now, shaking a hundred thrones, because that which we have called "civilisation" is the most uncivil thing that we have in life; and also, further, because the great World Spirit is being re-born, and there is excess of Life, so that the Life within bursts the outer forms. That is War.

We must be thankful that this war has come to shake to its foundations all civilisation. Yet when this war is over, we shall not begin our full, true civilisation; that will not be yet, for one simple reason. We know now something of the evil of armaments, of the way that the

ambitions of nations bring humanity to a tragedy; our conscience is awake to that side of the problem; but is our conscience awake to the tragedy of poverty? Not yet; and we want many other wars before there can be a real peace that satisfies the heart of man. The moment this war is over, does not everyone see the ghastly war that is going to take place between capital and labour? We have had the beginning of another war—that between men and women for the vote; it is for the moment suspended. But that war has to be resumed, for how can you have a great civilisation so long as there is any restriction of the Spirit of God that works equally in the woman as in the man? And there are other wars looming—wars between the coloured and the white peoples, for instance. These will all burst around us and no one can prevent them. Why?

Because, wherever there is war, the

great Spirit of Life is striving for greater advance; it is because there is a brighter dawn for all men that we go through a night of hell. Had we only used rightly the power given to us, there would have been no need for the night of horror; but we have put trade before love, economics before beauty, and so we reap as we have sown. So there are struggles yet to be in the future.

Now, we say in our Order that these things are happening and will happen, because the world is being prepared to listen to a Messenger who shall put all civilisation and all men on a true foundation; that all civilisation is being shaken now, and will be shaken in the years to come, because of His coming. For after that shaking, we say, men's consciences will have become acutely sensitive, so that when the Messenger comes to the world—One who is all Wisdom, the real Prince of Peace—men will listen to what He has to

teach them, and there will then no longer be war.

What will be His message to the world then, so that there shall no longer be war? It will not be the old message of religion, for what has religion done for us in this world crisis? Where were all the great religious teachers to-day, both of the East and of the West, when war broke forth? Why did they not prevent it? Religion in these days suffices for the individual's life, but not for the larger life of nations. You cannot say that England, with Christianity, is a really Christian country; neither can I say that India, with Hinduism, is a truly Hindu country; there are too many horrors everywhere that mar the spirit of religion. And yet we all know that religion has helped many a man to light and life and achievement, and still does; but, as a force in the world, religion of the old type that preaches to us of God, with the old idea of God, has no longer an influence

over our lives. Obviously, then, He who comes must give us a message slightly different. Now, what type of message will He give? Not a new message, fundamentally; His message is as old as the hills, but it will come with a newness of beauty to each who listens and tries to live it; and it is the old, old message that *men are really brothers*. We have all heard that, but we have not believed it except with our minds, we have not tried to live it except with our lips, most of us.

There is dawning on the world a realisation that there is a spiritual aspect of life other than the mere worship of God. It is the realisation of all individuals as inseparable units in a great fraternity. It is this thought that is going through the world, inspiring the Socialists, the philanthropists, and those who talk of a Federation of nations and empires. Now, what is at the back of that thought? The

greatest reality of existence ! That is what underlies the great civilisation that is coming. It means that the wisdom, power, and inspiration we want to reconstruct civilisation with are here, not far away, not with God in heaven, but by our side, in the man, woman or child who stands next to me—in my Brother ! If you will look into the face of the man that you see next to you and say to yourself, " Brother, thou art I " ; if you will say it, even though it is only a mere phrase ; if you will go through the world inwardly saluting each one you meet as a mirror of what you seek—the great life of God, or the life of Divine Unity, or the Power of your ideal of Love or Beauty, it matters not which—see then whether the load of misery that is yours is not a little less, whether, in your weakness, there is not a little strength. Put it to the test. It is not a mere beautiful sentiment, it is power to-day for you and for me. For God speaks to man, comes

nearer to him, in many forms; once upon a time, in ancient India, it was as God the Creator, God the Preserver, and God the Destroyer; later, in Christian times, it was as God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Once again He appears to men, but not as the God of ancient days; He appears now as *God our Brother Man.* In our brother man is all the Wisdom, all the Joy, all the Beauty of the ages; in his thoughts and in his glances is all the mystery of life that the philosopher and the artist have dreamed of, all the strength with which every strong man has achieved in the past. In the man or woman or child by your side is the wisdom for the scientist, the state-craft for the king, the ecstasy for the saint, the love-dream for the lover. What all the greatest among us have known of God in the past—in temple or hermitage, in cathedral or chapel, in the presence of mountain or of sea, rapt in the sunset or

in the symphony—all this glory and not less, God's glory and not man's, is ready to flash its message to you from your Brother Man. God seeks us as we seek Him; but His new way of His search of us is through our Brother Man.

O God of mountains, stars and boundless spaces,
O God of freedom and of joyous hearts,
When Thy face looketh forth from all men's faces,
There will be room enough in crowded marts;
Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er,
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

That is the great message that is coming, the message that the world longs to hear. Is there a single heart in the world to-day that does not respond to that message of the future? But we lack one thing; we all feel something of the power of Brotherhood; we all feel God in man now and then; perhaps in an individual that we love flashes something of His message; but who will teach us to see God in every man, woman and child that we meet? There is no living teacher who

can initiate us into that Mystery. That is why we, like the Wise Men who saw the mystic Star in the East, say that there is One coming, the Brother of all men, and that He comes to all men to teach them the wonder of God in Man.

Because in His nature are summed up all the hopes and aspirations, all the misery and weariness of all men, He stands forth as the Brother of all men; and because He so stands forth, summing up Humanity in Himself, He is Very God of Very God; for when you have perfect Manhood, then you have perfect Divinity too; and it is because of His utter Manhood that He has the power to achieve all things for the world when the world is ready for Him. And He waits now, watching this war of the world, and watching too the other wars to come, till all men shall realise that so long as there is one man, woman or child who is miserable, suffering, or ignorant, because of human conditions,

there, then, are all the brutalities of war. For He comes to the world for Peace and not for War, and men must be ready to accept the Peace He brings. And yet, even now, it is He Who gives the peace in the heart of the warrior; there are warriors to-day who go forth with courage and determination and sacrifice their lives, saying, "What matter if I die, if only my children are freed from this horror!" The peace that comes into the heart of these soldiers is a real peace, and it is given by the great Brother of all men. There will, indeed, be an ending of war when comes the great Prince of Peace, who will still the wars in our own hearts first of all; till we can go through life and look on all things and not feel a war in our hearts, what use to have a mere outward peace?

Until He comes, then, we must be warriors, warriors with unsheathed swords, to fight against poverty and against all

the things that limit the great life of man and of God; and when, after we have so fought our battle and are ready to sheath our swords, then He will show us how to reconstruct all life, so that there will never be any more war. He will show us by teaching each of us how to be a Brother; and as we stand in His presence we shall learn how to stand, as He does, to all men, how to look through the faces of our brothers and see the real Soul through the colour of the skin, through the sex of the body; and to know that the Soul that we see in each man is that Highest that is within us too. He will teach us these things not so much by sermons as by His very Presence.

His message is, then, that if He is to come soon, we must first go forth warring—warring within the nations in one department of life after another; and this warfare must go on until we abolish every disqualification that stands in the way

between man and woman, between the rich and the poor, between the West and the East, and every disease and every evil, till we bring the world into a condition of things where there is something of real Brotherhood. That is our dream of the future.

Now comes the great privilege to all who will listen. It is that even in this state of warfare it is possible to those who listen to have the great Prince of Peace Himself standing by their side, guiding the fight. He is the Prince of Peace, yes, but He is also the Christ militant. He always ushers in the new life, but sometimes, when conditions limit the life of God, these conditions have to be broken; but He will guide you how to work in the reconstruction, so that there will be peace truly coming as the result of your labours, and not confusion. That is why we have gathered ourselves together into a little band; the Brothers of the Star we call

ourselves, and we believe that as, in His Name, we try to understand the world problem, and each problem of poverty and misery, we do see a little more light upon our way and that we are preparing the great civilisation to come.

Now, every one of you wants something of peace, the peace that shall end the heartache, the peace that shall abolish the darkness of ignorance, the peace that shall give you something of the realisation of God ; a thousand and one ways of peace we all desire. There is One who can give you that Peace, if only you will try to be a Brother to all men "in His Name." Go forth to-day from this hall, and in the name of Someone of whom you have heard to-day, whom you have not felt perhaps, yet, in His Name, when somebody irritates you or injures you, try to smile, try to be understanding and compassionate ; when you see anyone suffering, try to relieve that suffering, in the

name of this Someone ; try to do that, and see whether, mysteriously, there does not come into your heart a greater peace, whether, slowly, you do not feel an invisible Presence inspiring you and giving you strength.

The world needs Strength and Wisdom, and all that is required of both is for the world's asking, if only we will look not so much to God, but more to Man. It is this gospel of our God our Brother Man that we need to realise in these days ; it is not so hard to realise if you will only try and look in the right direction ; then, in every man, woman and child, you will see the great God that your heart longs for, flashing. There is a dawn coming to all Humanity that shall mean, indeed, a heaven upon our earth ; it is because that dawn is inevitable that we have the wars to-day and to come, for the great World Spirit is striving for self-realisation ; but unless you and I do our part of the work, the

great future is delayed—delayed, though not made impossible; for if you and I will not do the work, we are cast aside, and the work will be accomplished through others; but whose then will be the joy? But if you and I will wage the war against evil, then comes the Spring, and the Winter ends. These are the days of men's winter, but there is always Spring, always a fuller Life growing, and making greater Beauty in our hearts, weaving new soul-vestures. The joy of life is always to feel Springtime and its wonders.

To feel that you are ageless, that you stand in a full vigour of spiritual existence —that is the possibility for every man, woman and child to-day, irrespective of education, irrespective of his lot in life. There is not a little child who, if he could but be taught something of the World-Teacher to come, may not feel a greater joy in life, who would not feel while he plays a Divine Child playing by

his side; there is not an artist, who, if he understood, may not find a greater Artist beside him; and there is not a statesman who may not feel a wiser Statesman to guide his policy; and not a king who may not know a more royal King to whom to bow the knee.

This is the invisible and mighty fact, that we stand on the threshold of wondrous events for Humanity, which, in their beginning seem, indeed, ghastly. But after the initial overture of tragedy, there comes the great Song of Life. It is that Song of Life that you may all hear now, that Song which has already begun; and we stand to-day to make you listen to the opening bars of that Song, so that as you listen you shall hear other melodies too—nay, so that you yourself shall weave your own melody into that Song. For there comes a Prince of Peace, of Beauty and of Power, and He comes not with darkness but with Light, not with sadness but with Joy, singing His mighty Song

composed for Him by God. To listen, and to learn to weave your little song into His mighty Song—that is the message to you of the Brothers of the Star.

A World-Teacher

WE are banded together in our Order to proclaim the coming of a World-Teacher. We hold that the Teacher whom we expect will not be like the teachers that are in the world to-day, but that He will in a special manner be something different; and we try to express that sense of difference by saying that He is a World-Teacher. Now, what are the thoughts that underlie that phrase? Principally, that He comes not to one nation, but to all, and that He comes not to one corner of this globe, but to the whole world. We have gathered in this first Conference to arrange methods of work to prepare His way, and through our preparation we hope that when He comes His work will be successful.

But there is another aspect underlying the phrase "a World-Teacher," to which

THE MESSAGE OF THE FUTURE.

I want to draw your attention this morning. Men live not in one world, but in many. We say, "This is the world here around us," but the world we live in is not really this world about us, but a world which we build in our hearts and minds. Every one of us has within him a world; but that world within him is small, and it is limited in its horizon: it does not include all the other worlds of our fellow-men.

Now, that which distinguishes a great soul is that his world includes all other worlds; and so when we say that we are expecting the coming of a World-Teacher, we mean that phrase to signify something new, that His world will contain all our worlds; in other words, that His world will be God's world, and not man's world.

Now, what are the characteristics of the world of God as it is reflected in the heart of a great World-Teacher? I think it is that in His world there exists all that is best in our worlds. Some of us know what

is the best that inspires us, but we do not know what is the best that inspires others around us. But the wonder and the glory and the majesty of a World-Teacher is that in His world exists all that is best in all worlds. Now the best that is everywhere is of God ; but let me put it also in another way : the best that is everywhere is also of man. We say that the best is Divine, but Divinity is humanity, and that is something we are apt to forget in our spiritual strivings. I believe that one part of the message that the World-Teacher will give is that the best humanity is Divinity, and that we do not need to seek so very far to find God.

The divine humanity of the World-Teachers needs to be specially meditated upon by us who are going to prepare the way of a great World-Teacher. There are three great World-Teachers that I think stand supreme in the hearts of humanity, and taking them in historical order, they are : first, Gautama Buddha, then Shri

Krishna, and then Christ. Why is it these three show to us that they live in a world that is more inclusive than the world of other teachers? Consider the world that Christ lived in; outwardly it was Palestine, outwardly it was not a great and powerful nation of the world at the time. But what was the real world? Can we construct it? We can to some extent, for with hearts tender and with minds open we find something of it in the Gospel story, mutilated though probably the real story is in the Gospel narrative. And what do we find? This great fact—that wherever He went He was looked upon by everybody first as a man among men. Truly, a few realised a divinity in Him, but all realised that He was a man among men, and even those who realised His divinity never forgot that He was a man among men; they felt in Him a perfect friend. There was no sense of an awful Divinity about Him; that was something that the heart and intuition knew;

but the mind saw that He was a great man, great because He reflected in Himself the best of humanity. And so I think we can say that the Christ taught us what it is to live in the world as a perfect friend.

Look, now, at Shri Krishna. He lived a life that was brief, but a life that absolutely fascinated the imagination of the Indian peoples. The great part of that life of His was as a child, and the briefer part as a youth ; but what was there wonderful about this child ? He was, indeed, a Divine Child, but all gathered round Him, all loved Him, because He was a human child too, human in the best expression of humanity. You can hardly realise the tender devoted expressions in all Indian books that describe the life of that child, and the play of that child : it was a Divine Child at play. Think of it—a great World-Teacher living among men as a child, and, as it were, teaching all children how to play in a divine way. Now, it is that message that He gave in India.

Consider then His life as a youth. Indian imagination has pictured again and again this part of His life. The legends here and there bring in elements that should never have been brought in, that detract from the wonder and the beauty of His character; but in spite of all the unbeautiful imaginings that crude minds and undeveloped intellects have tried to bring into the story, one thing stands supreme, that He was a World-Teacher who gave an impetus to all aspiring hearts. He lived as a child, played among children as a boy, grew up among his elders and was loved by them all, best beloved because He reflected the best of humanity.

Turn, then, to that other great teacher of India, Gautama the Buddha. Men did not see anything divine about Him, in terms of divinity to which they were accustomed. The supreme thing that all felt was that here was a man amongst men, but what a man! So perfect He was that in all the eighty

years that He lived, not one word, not one deed, that was ungentle has been recorded of Him. He lived calling from none devotion to Himself; He lived and worked saluting, as it were, the majesty of His fellow-men. He told them that after lives and lives of struggle He had found the Truth and the Way. But He spoke to each as though each was as great as He, as though each were a Buddha. He said to men: "You can tread the Way as I have trodden it. As I have found the Way, so, too, it is for you to find." And, so, as we read His life, we find Him in all the details of life giving us the perfect example of an elder brother and guide. In His actions and speech, then, we have something of the best of humanity.

Now, we who to-day are preparing the way of a great World-Teacher, if we are to be successful in that work, and recognise the great World-Teacher when He comes, must imitate the World-Teachers of the past. And how shall that be achieved? I think

simplest and easiest in three aspects of our lives—by imitating them in heart, and in mind, and in act.

What shall the motive be in the heart? The most important part of our lives is the life we live with the heart. To one like myself, to whom the great message of life comes through Theosophy, there is one message that life has given to me which is more clearly stated in Theosophy than in any other Philosophy, and that is that all life is one. You will find that all great Teachers show that. In the heart they live a life, and to them life is one. In the great Scriptures of the world there are many ways in which that unity is expressed. Those who study Theosophy will be able to understand it, not only with the heart, but with the mind also; but in the work of the Order of the Star in the East we do not call upon our members to study Theosophy, because that great unity that is so beautifully clear in Theosophy can be realised in other ways

also ; and there is one way in which we are trying to realise it as members of the Order, and that is through our intuitions and our emotions.

The best way to begin to feel how life is one is to turn to the great Teachers and see how they felt it as all one. Think of one whose life is nearest to you in its historical tradition, the Christ. He did not speak in the terms of an underlying unity of all things. That was not His message, but He loved unity all the same. Have you not noted how in His sermons there is a certain tender unity with all things in Nature? "Consider the lilies of the field ;" His imagination, as it tries to get similitudes, turns instinctively to the life about Him. He does not talk in terms of philosophy. He wants His people to be helped by His disciples and He says to them, "Feed my lambs," always in touch with nature in her manifold expressions. In His life we see there is no separation between "mine" and "thine." He

gives that feeling to all around Him; He shows that all life is precious, and that all life is to be shared in, and teaches that with regard to His own fellow-men. When He lived in Palestine there were the conventions of the distinctions between men; there were the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and the Samaritans: in other words, a certain set of people were considered as in some ways being nearer to God, and others not quite so near. But what did Christ show the people whom He came to help? He showed that all men were one to Him. They said that He went about among publicans and sinners. The publicans were the tax-gatherers, those that were in league with the foreign rulers, and so were despised; but He goes among them, and you will find that His earliest disciples are from the publicans. We find that He goes among them, eats with them, and if there was not time, nor perhaps opportunity, to wash the hands ceremoniously before eating, as was

the custom, He does not make a great point of it, but eats with them with "unwashed" hands. To Him it is not the outer things that make the spiritual life, but the inner; and so as He goes among the despised and the rejected, He shows that in them is something of Himself. Consider, too, that wonderful and most instructive incident of the Magdalen. She was rejected by the world, the world that has its standards of humanity; but the Christ comes and He shows that there is a best humanity which can include the sinner too. In the life of Christ, then, we find something of a life of the heart which sees all life as one.

Turn now to Shri Krishna. The unity of life He showed in His play, for He was one who united those that were around Him, the children that played with Him, the elders who came to Him. That is why, child though He was, youth though He was, men that were despised and rejected by the leaders of the social organisation all turned

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to Him ; and they all felt that one glance from the boy was quite enough for salvation, whatever the world thought of their sins.

It is the same with the Buddha. He proclaimed a true standard of humanity. He proclaimed to the social organisation of His day that the Brahmin was indeed the highest man. But He insisted that the true Brahmin was not the man who was born into a caste, but was one who felt in his heart a great compassion for men, and lived his life with a pure and tender heart. So He went about preaching Brahminism, and He did not consider Himself as establishing a new religion at all ; only He proclaimed the life of the heart. Men and women, the despised and the rejected, flocked to Him. Some of the great Disciples of the Buddha came from the outcasts ; and yet these, that were the despised in a social organisation, became the great adepts of His dispensation. For the Buddha showed that there was a best

humanity which knew no distinction of caste, of sect, or of creed.

He showed it in other instances, and there is one which is full of illumination for us who are going to prepare the way of a World-Teacher. In the last year of His life there was a poor man, a blacksmith, who desired to offer a little service of some kind to the Lord ; and the way of service that was then considered as full of merit was to invite a Teacher to the morning meal. And this blacksmith, ignorant and despised in the social organisation, invited the Lord, and He came. Now, one of the great precepts of the Buddha was to take no life, that not a single living thing should be destroyed, and for forty-five years of His ministry He had proclaimed that message ; and yet this one poor man, the blacksmith, had evidently not understood. For he invites the Buddha to a meal, and, intending to give Him of his best, prepares some boar's flesh, and offers it to the Lord, who had never

touched meat in all His life. Does the Lord reject the offering? That would not be the best humanity; He accepts that meal, and after it preaches a little sermon—that was the customary thing—to the ignorant man. But that meal was one that gave His body a great disease, the one disease recorded during His whole life. He knew that the blacksmith would offer Him meat, and He did not reject it, because He saw that in the heart of the man was a great offering. It was the ignorance of the man that prevented him from knowing how to give that offering in the best possible way. That the Lord did not countenance meat-eating by His example is seen in the significant fact that He forbade the boar's flesh to be offered to any of His disciples; what was left of the meat He ordered to be buried. Knowing beforehand, as He did, that an ignorant blacksmith would offer Him the food of an outcast, perhaps it was in order to give His disciples a lesson in the larger humanity

that He accepted a poor man's invitation, and did not reject what an ignorant but devoted heart had to offer.

There is one other incident that I will call your attention to, for it reminds us of Christ. Just before the death of the Buddha, there was a woman of ill-repute in a certain town, and she came and invited the Lord to a morning meal at her house. The Buddha consented, but immediately afterwards the Princes of the town came on the same errand, and hearing that the Buddha had promised to go to the woman's house, and would not, therefore, accept their invitation, begged of her, for a large sum of gold, the privilege that was to be hers. The woman would not give up her privilege. Then the Princes went to the first Disciple of the Buddha and tried to arrange that the Lord should not go to the woman's house, but should come to theirs ; but the Lord would not alter His plans, and went and accepted

His meal at that woman's house, and men pointed the finger of scorn at Him.

It is well for us who live in ways of conventional thought and deed to look into the lives of these great World-Teachers who show in their hearts what is the oneness of life. We must learn, if we are to succeed in preparing the way, to judge first with the heart. At times we have to judge with the mind, too, but we must always take care that when the judgment comes to be with the mind that we have all the facts that the mind needs to know. We shall not err, not a single one of us who is loving the Lord, and is working to prepare His way, if we judge first and foremost with the heart. You will now know what I mean by the phrase, the best humanity in the heart.

Then there is the other phase of the life that we should live, the best humanity in the mind. Now, it is not sufficient for us merely to feel swift intuitions, merely to believe; there is no intuition that cannot

be justified at the bar of reason. Never think that an intuition is a thing that you must merely believe in. Train your mind and the intuition can be made perfectly clear to the most logical mind. It may be that you lack, as yet, in your mental life, certain facts that make everything clear to the mind; then it is that you will have to rely mostly upon the intuition. The intuition is clearest wherever is the best mind, and the best mind is always the true mind. I want to dwell a little on the conception I have of what is truth, and then you will see presently, as I go on with my exposition, that the best mind is the beautiful mind too.

The best mind is the true mind. As we live the life of the mind, facts are continually coming to us through our outer senses. How shall we grapple with those facts? Let us first take care as we use those facts that we label them properly, for truth means that there are certain labels to the facts that the senses give us, and that

we use those labels alone. Now, unfortunately, in ordinary speech among people, there is very little labelling of facts properly. There is a great deal of slipshod speech and slipshod talk, and it is one of the unfortunate things in colloquial English that there is so much false labelling of facts, and, therefore, so much false thought. It is less so in other languages. Now, instead of speaking in conventional phrases, pick your phrases, select them, see that every word that you use has its correct meaning, and that every phrase signifies a truth. Never use a word which is not absolutely true in every possible way. For how shall you find truth if you are false to the little facts of life? Every little fact is a part of God; be true to it.

We live in conventional worlds; but let us not be conventional in them. Take care that nothing vulgar comes through your mouth. It is so easy to use certain phrases because they are handy, and because everyone uses them. But we must be not of the

world in some of these things, if we are to prepare the way of the World-Teacher. Make it a point, each one of you, to have a certain distinction in your speech; make it, as it were, an offering to the Lord, that your thoughts shall be clearer because your thoughts are more true to the facts that are around you.

I have said that the best mind is the true mind. Now, you will be able to follow me when I say that the best mind is the beautiful mind, too. I am speaking at a meeting of the Order of the Star in the East, but I know that there are here Theosophists also, and for the moment, as a Theosophist, I speak to Theosophists who know something of the great conception of a Hierarchy of the Elder Brothers of Humanity who rule the world and guide its destinies. Many Theosophists know that one of the Supreme Teachers, Gautama Buddha, when He passed away, gave the charge of humanity to a Brother that had trod the Way with Him, who

later appeared as Shri Krishna and as the Christ. When Gautama Buddha gave up the charge of humanity to His brother, note how the first work that the new Supreme Teacher did was to give the message of beauty ; for from all nations of the world the Lord gathered together His men and sent them to Greece to usher in the great Periclean age. The glory of Athens was the glory of the Lord. Truly He gave another message to India later, and yet another to Palestine ; but you will understand something of the significance of what I have to say when you realise that the message He gave the moment He took up His great work was that of beauty. And so it is that if only we can understand something of the beautiful in life, and love it, and develop the beautiful in ourselves, we shall understand something of the great Lord.

Now, as we live, we needs must be critical. We cannot merely accept things as they come ; we must judge. Now criticism may

condemn if it only sees certain of the elements out of the facts presented ; but criticism can also unite if it deliberately chooses, out of the facts that are presented, those facts that are in harmony. It is for us, as members of the Order, to remember that the Supreme Teacher who is to come is going to unite. Hence, as we are critical, we must pick out those things that unite. How shall we pick out those things that unite? Here, again, if you are a Theosophist, you will be able to pick them out because you know the Theosophical scheme. But it is not necessary to be a Theosophist to follow the Lord. Take, now, a standard that will help you to pick out those things that unite, the standard of the beautiful. See which of the things in a series of facts fit in with the beauty of the character of the Supreme Teacher. Think of the Supreme Teacher in your criticism, and you will find that the life that is streaming from Him through every part of the world of beauty will stream through you too,

and will call forth the beauty that is in every fact.

The Head of the Order yesterday, speaking of the World-Teacher, said that He is compassionate, and that He is powerful; but He is also beautiful. Think of that, and you will be able to understand something of beauty in mind. Go out into the world around you, look at the flowers in the fields and the meadows, listen to the waves, look at the clouds and the sunsets, and remember that the beauty you there feel exists in the Supreme Teacher, that as you respond to those beautiful things you are knowing something of Him, that as you go out in heart and mind and admire the beauty around you, He smiles and rejoices with you, that wherever there is beauty there the Supreme Teacher is manifest.

You peoples of Europe, better than our peoples in the East, can prepare your minds and hearts to welcome the Supreme Teacher in this way, for there is in the West more

of the message of beauty. In the West you know something of a possible æsthetic life in yourselves and in the home. Develop that life, and train it in yourselves. Try to understand the great world of beauty, and you will find that to truth of mind you can add beauty of mind too. And here let me suggest one writer for you to look into. Each nation surely has some writer or writers who proclaim the message of the higher beauty. I do not know who those writers are in foreign nations, but there is in England one writer who, though he came before the Order of the Star in the East was formed, yet prepared the way for the coming of the Lord, and that is Ruskin. Read him, read about him, try to understand what was the message he tried to give. It was the great message of beauty. And if you will try to understand him, I think you will find that the conception of the supreme World-Teacher who is to come will be clearer to you and have more power to change your daily life.

There is a beautiful custom that the Zoroastrians have: they consider light as the symbol of God, and whenever, in the evening, the lamp is lighted and brought into a room, they salute it with joined palms. That light, to them, has something of the great divine Light. Similarly let it be to you wherever you see beauty. When you see beauty, salute it, reverence it in your heart, for it is of the Supreme Teacher. Remember, that as the Lord is compassionate and powerful, He is also beautiful.

I come, now, to my third point, the best humanity in act. What shall be our standard? Now, there is a standard that is well understood in some Western nations, certainly clearly understood here in England, a standard of life and of character and of noble actions that is reflected in the term "a perfect gentleman." It is a great pity that, in these modern days, that word "gentleman" has lost its original significance. It meant once, a *gentle* man, one

who, though brave, was also gentle in thought and speech. It is the same ideal, with slight modifications, that we get in its complementary, "a perfect lady." That is a standard, surely, for us all, and for all nations.

There is also another ideal that is profoundly respected by all true ladies and gentlemen, and that is the ideal of hospitality. Go east and west, north and south, everywhere you will find that there is this wonderful ideal, and there is not the poorest but recognises it, and when a person comes as a guest, gives of his best to that guest. Now, let that be the ideal in act to every one. As we go about, as we meet our friend, as we meet even our foe, let us consider him for the moment as our guest, before whom we can but offer the best that we have, before whom no ungentle thing shall be said, and no criticism of whom shall be heard. Let us live that ideal, and perhaps we shall find as we treat a fellow-man as a guest, that we

have, for a time, a greater Guest than he.

There is another custom in the East which, I think, we can imitate everywhere, in connection with act. The highest outward expression of personal devotion from a Buddhist to the Lord Buddha is to take some flowers and put them on an altar before His image. But as he does so, he often goes first amongst the people who are waiting about, and holds the flowers up for them to touch. Though one person is going to offer the flowers, yet others, in this way, join in the offering. And sometimes it happens that a poor man or woman who cannot spend even the tiniest mite to get something to offer on the altar, can in this way offer through another. Now, as we do the perfect act, as we feel purity in the heart, as we think the true things of mind, let us associate others with ourselves. As with the Buddhist, let us, as it were, make all the brothers round us who are less able than we to do the perfect thing, to come

with us as we offer to the Supreme Teacher. As members of the Order, we promise to try to do all acts for Him who is to come; let us at the same time as we do it for the Supreme Teacher, say to ourselves: "I do it for my brothers also."

We have, thus, a perfection possible for us in the heart, in the mind, and in the deed. The Lord who is to come is going to live in the world; He is not going to lead people out of the world into a heaven; He comes to bring heaven here on earth, and we must help Him to make that heaven. Hence it is that He requires us, now, to be the best types possible of the best humanity.

Look, then, what it is that we have to do as one part of our work. We meet with much hostility, but hostility matters little if we show by our fruits the Power that is working in us. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the Supreme Teachers, try to understand their humanity far more than their divinity, and we shall find that

life is happier for us and the work of preparation easier also. Think of the perfect child and youth of India, the perfect friend that lived in Palestine, the perfect elder brother and guide of men that was Gautama the Buddha, and go out into the world to act, thinking of them ; and then you will find that the great World-Teacher for whom you work is now moving among you, is joining in your labours, stands by your side as you do His work. Love Him as the Compassionate, as the Powerful, and as the Beautiful ; but love Him most of all as the Lover of His fellow-men.

The Coming of the World-Teacher to the Individual

WE seek a great World-Teacher, for we believe He will come because we see signs of His coming all around us; and so, banded together, we proclaim this message of His coming with love and peace for the whole world. The message we give is strange, because we say that He will come soon to the world. It is attractive to thousands, it is full of hope and light; but there are times when, though the message is so attractive, it seems hardly to be understood, and the reality fades away.

Now what we have to do is to see that the reality in the message we have once felt is retained by us all the time, every moment of

the day. We proclaim that the Great Lord will come to the world, but unless before His great Coming to all men He has come into our lives first, our message will be only of the lips and not of the heart, not of our whole entire being. We must then so live, that He dwells with us, that we find Him now, years before He comes to the world visibly. That indeed is our high task, and it is only in the measure of our finding Him now that our work for the world will be successful. I want to speak to you this afternoon on how we shall find Him, where we shall find Him.

Where shall we find Him but where He is; and where is He? Is He in a heaven far away, is He somewhere among Himalayan hills, far away? In reality He is not far away, but very, very near. Let me show you where He is and where He may be found by everyone, so that, if we will open our eyes, we shall see Him.

There are many ways in which He is coming to us, and that is the first wonderful

truth. If we can know that He is coming to us here, there, and elsewhere, surely, then, we shall be guided in our search for Him, for He seeks us in many places. And the first place where He seeks us is where there is pain and suffering. For He does not stand apart from humanity in a great glory and beauty. He is the essence of humanity. All things that men hope for and dream of, all that men suffer, are known by Him. He does not stand far away in a heaven, but with us, wherever He is needed most.

> Never a sigh of passion or of pity,
> Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,
> Has not its archive in the Angels' city,
> Finds not its echo in the endless song.

Where men are suffering, He is there standing by their side sharing their pain. And you can find Him there. In all the miserable conditions of our cities, in the hospitals, in the abode of the poor, where there is suffering, He will greet you if you go there longing

to do something. It may be that you are a doctor, and can relieve pain, or you have money and can bring the means of relief. And if many of us have not these means of giving relief, yet is there not a word we can speak of comfort, not a smile we can give of tenderness, and are there not thoughts we can give of relief and healing and strength? When we do that, if only we will link our desire of serving human suffering with the thought that we do it in the Great Name of the Lord, if we smile a tender smile in His Name, if we give our gift of kindness in His Name, we shall find that He knows and He finds us. And equally is it when we have to bear our own pain and agony. He knows, and He stands by our side; but how shall we find Him when He stands by our side?

First by a deep sense of resignation, a deep realisation that there is somehow in some way the great will of God, the great

life of the Universe, being worked out through us just then, even though we are being held in a torture-chamber ; that deep sense that comes in the fullest perfection to the Christian and to the Mohammedan when he says, " Thy will be done." We find Him also when, being so resigned, offering no complaint that our evil sowing of the past comes to us now in such sad reaping, we try to understand, to stand apart from the pain with our intuition, and see something of the meaning of pain. For there is a great meaning, and that meaning is the unfolding of our own selves, is the cutting away, the tearing apart, of all that limits the fuller realisation of ourselves. For like as within the block of marble is the great statue that the artist sees in his imagination, so in everyone of us there is the Perfect Man fashioned by the greatest of artists, God Himself. We are locked up within the great marble which is life, and He uses His mallet and chisel—pain and

agony, trouble and toil—to free us, for it is He Himself, God, that is there. And if He Himself gives us back our toil, our evil, in pain, it is not we alone that suffer; He suffers equally with us. He is not a God away from men. He is ourselves, only He is that larger Self of ours, that Self that shall live in the future in the Perfect Man. And He mysteriously co-operates with us in our dreams, as He, the pain-giver, uses the mallet and the chisel of the pain that comes to us. If in those moments of utter weariness and pain we can be resigned and stand apart from the tragedy, and see something of the great plan for ourselves, then it is that the Great Teacher seeks us and we know Him.

He is then present wherever there is pain in humanity. He is also present wherever there is joy.

For one way that the best in ourselves can respond to the great life of God is through joy. So, wherever there is a sense of joy,

there, too, He is seeking us. But it must be a joy that is sensed by us not with a personal satisfaction, but with an impersonal enthusiasm; the joy we feel because it is right to feel joyful, a joy we have not sought, but which, when it comes, we accept with open arms, the joy we have in the tiny flower of the meadows, the joy we have when we see a child smile, the joy we have too in the great beauty of nature and art; that joy which we feel within is His joy that all men are feeling as their joy.

It is said in Christianity that "the Word was God;" that Word it is that is now flashing in all the beauties of life. It is the beauty of God that is in the flower, in the human heart, in the dream of the poet; but that beauty of God is manifesting in a fuller sense in the great Son of God who is the World-Teacher. Wherever, then, we see joy and respond to it, He will greet us, if we feel joy not for ourselves, but for the joy of mankind. And specially

can we seek Him by trying to make children joyful so that their life, in the early years before the trouble of life is theirs, are years of intense joy and natural growth. We know how in Palestine children gathered round Him ; earlier, in India, they tell us how all the other boys gathered round the Divine Cow-herd. And it is still the same. Still, in worlds invisible now, and in worlds visible later, we see and shall see that fact, that somehow, mysteriously, His purity—His grandeur and His wonder, too—He sees better reflected in the young gathered round Him than in ourselves, the elders. So if we can adapt ourselves to the lives of children, make them happy and bright, and change all the hard circumstances of education for them, then He shall be with us, for there will be times when He will flash Himself to us through the face of the child we have known perhaps for years, and we shall then see not that child, but another Child who looks through and gives us His thanks.

And then through compassion we may find Him, and compassion is not a difficult thing for us who live in these sad cities of ours. Is there a moment when you do not see an opportunity ever open for helpful sympathy with actual suffering, for pity and regret at the failure—for pity that the splendid opportunities that are perhaps your own are not those of this man and that woman you see in the street? Where there is this deep compassion, where you live to share what you have, live to love, live as a warrior to destroy evil conditions in order that a fairer earth may be the abode of men, there, too, He is calling you.

And when, too, you love—not with a love that makes you simply happy, but a love of such a kind as Browning described, that leaves the ground to lose itself in the sky, that will never give you full realisation on earth—then He, the great Teacher, the Lord of Love, is there. It is in His heart that all the dreams of lovers are being woven. He

is the great Song of Life, and my life, your life, all these other lives are woven into His song, with here a discord from your life and mine, with there an addition to His great melody. And so wherever He seeks us, we may seek Him with the certainty of finding Him.

For He stands not to be worshipped of men, He stands as the great Philanthropist, the great lover of men, and wherever men live and think and move and act, there He is thinking and moving and acting with them, if only they will give Him the opportunity to unite Himself with their labour. It is your privilege and mine so to organise our lives that we find Him by our side.

Where the artist dreams, there too, is the Great World-Teacher trying to inspire through the artist's dream. In the poet, in the lover dreaming of wonderful achievement, He is with sympathy for each, for

He has the best of all men in a purer degree than any man.

We must be as He is. That is not easy. No, it is very, very difficult seemingly at times ; and yet, here is the mysterious paradox, it is not so difficult after all. For He is like ourselves. We are men with Him, for although He has achieved yet He, too, has long, long ago failed, and He knows. None of all those past things are forgotten by Him. Therefore He stands with us knowing all our failures.

Now He stands as the Great High Priest of humanity, as the mediator between men and God; if He is to come to us with His fuller glory we too, to some extent, must be mediators between men and God. That is not an impossible task. Not the smallest child but can be to some extent a mediator. Does it not often happen when the smiling face of a child greets us that we join with the child and smile too? At that moment the child is a mediator, and as a mediator

between God and man he brings down God's smile to us from God. Let it so happen to everyone of us, to each with his own gift.

The Great World-Teacher is the Mediator in several ways. First and foremost, for all humanity He is the *Unifier*. It is He who mysteriously brings together all things. For His is the uttermost and most perfect devotion of all the world, truly is He called in India the Lord of Devotion, for He comes with a mystic strength of devotion that you and I will not sense for a long time to come. He feels both with God and man. He is the Unifier. All dreams of devotion are as the undercurrents of His great devotion : the devotion of the man for God, of the human soul to its Maker, that is reflected in Him ; but so, too, the devotion of the artist for his dream, of the philanthropist for his perfect scheme ; and all these are in Him, and like sub-melodies they are being sounded in His great devotion.

Therefore it is that He stands as the

Unifier of all human aspiration. And you and I must be, like Him, unifiers, and that must be through our devotion. We must purify it, so that no thought of self comes in; we must seek for His coming not in order that we may be helped, but in order that there may be more life and love in the world. We must try to feel the beauty of life, not in order that we may cast off our burden, but that the burden of men may become lighter. We must stand loyal to Him, and with a readiness of self-sacrifice try again and again. In these ways, steadfast in devotion, we shall find mysteriously that men find a comfort in us, that the workman with his trouble gets a little strength from us, and that the artist with his dream finds that we do somehow understand more than others. We shall find thus growing in us more and more a spirit of unity, creating everywhere a spirit of devotion as we work among men.

Again, the great Lord is the *Purifier*. For to Him come all the aspirations of men,

but all the evil thoughts too. As the great High Priest of humanity, before He offers humanity to God, He must gather all humanity, good and evil, together in Himself ; but He offers only the good, only the perfect Spirit of man, only the perfect Divinity, retaining in His own mystic nature all the evil that comes from men. Each one of us must be the crucible of humanity, so that when men speak evil of us we retain the injury and give back only what is serviceable and helpful. Daily this must be, in all the circumstances of life, guarding our lips, our hands, our brain and its thoughts, giving back to men nothing but what would be consecrated by the Lord Himself. He is the great crucible, and if we, in our narrower and restricted life, will be a crucible too, He stands by us and will use our life.

Then He is the great *Burden-bearer*. It is He who stands for the whole world, and the world's burden is on His shoulders. The Master of Masters, the great LOGOS " made

flesh," He stands to men, and on His mystic personality rests all the travail of men, all their dreams and all their failures. Yet as He bears the whole burden of humanity, He gives to men nothing but a smile and a benediction.

If then we are to find Him, we must be, as He is, burden-bearers, with a willingness always to undertake labour for every cause of humanity, to go year after year through toil and forgetfulness of our own hopes and dreams, so long as men's burdens are carried by us, and thereby we make it easier by a fraction of an ounce for all men. If we have that spirit in ourselves, then do we in our turn become burden-bearers, helping our brethren to feel their weight less, and helping our Great Brother too, for we take from Him something of our own burden that He has been carrying so long.

These are the ways of finding Him. It is in these ways that He comes to us. He

will greet us through the pain of our neighbour, or through our own pain, and through the joy we give to others, or that we feel in ourselves. He greets us through our own loves and dreams, through our philanthropic actions. And He seeks to come all the time for the whole world. But to you and to me in this hall, the Brothers of the Star, His coming can be made swifter ; for we understand the mode of His magic. And His greatest magic now is His preparation, so that through us His work may be done. And He will come to the whole world if only now we can throw ourselves into His mystical action, this action that is before Him to change the world's circumstances, to influence men's minds and hearts, so that when He comes there will be millions to accept Him. If only you and I will identify ourselves with His action all the time, then there will be no doubt as to who He is and how and when He comes into our lives.

What better mode of bringing His

mighty mystic action here and now within our hearts, than the words He once gave men in Palestine? You repeat them so often; repeat them again, but do it now in a new way. You have said them, and say them, every day: "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name." Yes, but He is our Brother too, and His heaven is not far away; His life is flashing through us every day, and His Name is hallowed, for it is He who stands rejoicing with the great life of God, though there is also the evil, the grief of all men, in His consciousness.

"Thy kingdom come," we say. Not a far-off kingdom, but this Kingdom which He is planning to bring to all men, a part of the great divine Plan that He shall establish on earth for all men, for the first time in the history of humanity, truly the Kingdom of Righteousness on earth. When we say this, let us think of this Kingdom He is going to bring to all men, and long to help in its achievement.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Who can understand these words so well as we? For in that invisible world of His consciousness, in that mysterious Heaven World that is here and not far away, He is flashing His inspiration; there no misery is nor tribulation, but one insistent joy, and He is there, flashing that joy on all His beloved children.

And that joy it is that He desires to give all men on earth. Always is God's will there, in the Heaven World; but it is so rarely that conditions may be so arranged that something of heaven may be known by men here on earth. He has gathered His children of the Star for that, and we prepare ourselves for that service by doing His will here.

"Give us this day our daily bread." What is that daily bread all men require? Not earthly sustenance, but that bread of Love which will make our hearts new each morning, and wake them to a new spring of

life each day. For so hard are the conditions of life for all of us, that love it is that we require to make our load easier. That Love is everywhere, but we cannot see it. Let then our prayer mean to us : " Teach us to see this love, this daily bread everywhere." For it is there for us, if only we will stretch out our hands to receive. Hard though life may be to us all, yet to His Children of the Star every occasion in life can become an opportunity to love.

" And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." So difficult that, to forgive the trespass of the other, to understand why he trespassed, to sympathise and to forgive. That requires almost divine understanding, and yet there is our Brother, the Great Brother, by our side to teach us. And so, if we will be taught by Him, He will teach us. He is teaching us. He has come into our lives and told us of Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness ; if we will only live for

these great ideals, He will help us; and then we shall find He does forgive us our trespasses, and that the burden of our trespass goes, and much as we have to pay the debt to nature, the guilt has gone. For the Great Teacher will make our guilt His guilt, and He will unweave all the wrong and make it as though it never had been.

"And lead us not into temptation." Temptations are on all sides to transgress the law of love, but He is with us to show us how to overcome them; we must never doubt that. As we work for Him and in His name, His strength is our strength.

"But deliver us from evil." It is love that delivers us from all evil, and His wealth of love is ours to transmute all evil power into good.

"For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." Yea, truly, since we seek most the great Kingdom of Love; it is His Kingdom we seek, and more and more it is ours as more and more we love. Our

power to love is made to grow by Him as God's Mediator ; our glory is His glory too, since we are His, and He is God's.

These are the ways of finding Him. We need but to understand and say His prayer, to will that His Kingdom shall be established on earth, and determine and be steadfast for its establishment, and we shall find He knows our hearts and abides there.

The Coming of the Lord will not be necessarily to our eyes now, and we would not fully appreciate Him if He appeared merely to our eyes, for He is greater than our mind can grasp, greater even than can be fully sensed by our intuitions. He will come to some, perhaps, as comes the day, slowly, with a slowly increasing light ; and to others, as when the sun pierces into a dark room with full light ; but come He will, and you will know His presence. Let Him make Himself known to you in His own way. Go and do your work in His Name, and you will find always that

more and more will come to you of His presence in your work; that as you speak to others, a greater, clearer message will come to you; as you write, more thoughts; as you organise, more plans; as you work for the beautiful, a greater realisation of beauty; you will find that as you try to do your work with your brain, you will sense more His presence and His Plan in your heart. For He is the Plan, and wherever you think of His Plan and try to achieve it, as the plan develops it is He that is the Plan who is with you. And it may be your privilege to feel His presence as you give His message; then suddenly there will come a wonder; and yours will then be a glimpse of the heaven you have longed for.

In many ways He will come, and that is the mightiest proof that this Order of the Star is His Order. We proclaim seemingly words, but these words are realities, for we proclaim that which is. Slowly, slowly, like a great

dawn, there is His Coming nearer and nearer. For all these ages it has been planned, and now the Coming has begun. If only we would co-operate with it better, and go a little bit faster, we should, as we tell men of it, find Him speeding with us.

In these mysterious ways the Great Lord comes to the individual.

We are needed in the world, for the world needs the message of an Elder Brother. For to so many millions in the world God is now far away, and they can only be comforted, not by the thought of Heaven, but by the thought of Him on earth, not by the presence of a God, but of an Elder Brother, and it is that Elder Brother who is coming to all. And we must go and tell men, and in order that the message may not be of lips alone, He must have come into our lives first.

We must be purifiers, unifiers, and above all things burden-bearers ; and as we meet together to think of Him and of His Plan for

men, let us once again lay our offering at His feet, that as He comes to the world we will go before Him as purifiers, unifiers, and burden-bearers, in advance of Him who is the Great Purifier, Unifier and Burden-bearer. Let that be the pledge we lay at His feet now and always.

The World-Teacher as the Source of all Mysticism

SOME of you may not be aware that we are holding a convention of the London members of the Order of the Star in the East; with the beliefs of the members of that Order my address this evening necessarily largely deals.

Now this Order proclaims the coming to the world soon of a Great World-Teacher. It says that the present world problem, with all its turmoil and disturbance and unrestfulness, is a symptom of a great event that will happen presently, the Coming of a Teacher who will found civilisation on a firm and truly brotherly basis.

Our work is that of proclaiming His Coming, and of making people understand how they can help His work even before He is with them in His own personality, by trying to prepare their own hearts, and doing all that they do as in His Name and as part of His preparation. Now, in this work we find a great response from the world at large. In all lands and from all religions we find a certain number of people who eagerly listen to the message that there is Someone to come. Many feel with a deep intuitive response that this is the truth. They all remember traditions in their own religions about a Coming: the Christian about the coming of the Christ, the Buddhist about the coming of the next Buddha, the Mohammedan about the coming of the Mahdi, and so on.

Some, then, of a deeply religious nature, respond with their whole inner convictions. Others there are not specially religious, who yet feel the faith arising in them, because

it seems impossible for civilisation to go much further if we are to avoid for the future the warfare of the brute. And so the signs of the times point to the happening of Something which will give a real basis to civilisation.

The Message of the Order of the Star in the East, then, is on that broad basis, and we leave it to the consciousness of each individual to specify it himself in his own way. We say, Let the Great Teacher come, and then all will find what is the name He bears. The proof that it is He will be that all men have hoped and dreamed of will be in Him.

Now, there is another part of this work of the Order of the Star in the East upon which we do not especially insist, but which gives a great deal of illumination to the whole world problem of spirituality, and that is the conception of World-Teachers and Their rôle towards humanity. As we look around we see many religions in the

world, and we know that many have existed in the past. Why should there be religion after religion? What lies at the back of this striving of humanity to realise something of the nature of God? Here we find a conception of this spiritual problem of the world that is most inspiring, in the light of the teaching that there will come to the world a World-Teacher.

We hold — though this is not an official belief of the Order—that all the destiny of humanity concerning its spiritual growth is divinely guided, that men do not struggle from darkness to light in a hopeless way, for there is a divine Plan. From those far-off days when the savage felt the first dawning consciousness of devotion to God, to these when we worship Him in Church or Temple, or by listening to such music as we have had to-day, there has been a religious development of the world after a divine Plan.

THE SOURCE OF ALL MYSTICISM.

Part of this Plan involves the guiding of all humanity under the leadership of great Teachers, and during the many, many ages that men live upon the earth there come special great Teachers who can be called World-Teachers, because their Message is not to be confined to any one nation, but fructifies in all nations.

It is this mystery of the World-Teacher that is fascinating to most, but is perhaps to some difficult to grasp. Let me try to make it clear to you. Imagine all humanity on one side, and on the other side the magnificence of God. And when you look at the two there seems a great chasm. Now, imagine there comes into the chasm Someone who has in His nature both something of man and something of God, a wonderful Personality between man and God, who can give to humanity all the teaching it requires about God, and can guide all men to Him.

This work, then, of the Intermediary is always to bring the realisation of God

nearer and nearer to the children of men. Now the way He does it is interesting. As He is so near to God, all the wisdom of God, all the magnificence of knowledge God must possess about us and His creation, is the possession of this World-Teacher. He stands therefore, as the Head of a great spiritualising department of the world. And so standing, He works methodically through the ages, for time is of no account to Him in His age-long plans. Living, then, as Intermediary between man and God, His great function is to spiritualise men's natures. Now, this is not to be done by one mode alone of religion giving men thoughts about God, but in every possible way, by refining their feelings, making them more devotional, more artistic, more philosophical, more brotherly; and thus in wonderful ways He makes to grow the seeds of Divinity in men.

So then, working as the Master of Spirituality, He works in a definite way. As the Head of a department, He has under Him

His lieutenants, and He works with His lieutenants—this is the method of His work. Time and again He sends His own lieutenants to proclaim His message, suited to the time and to the people. It was said beautifully,

"God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every race and every clime of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race."

And so, for many thousands of years, He gives His message through them, and guides their work; but at times, when circumstances permit it, He Himself comes.

Let me now tell you what the World-Teacher of a past age did for the spiritualising of men. His work for the sunken continent of Atlantis we little know of, though some fragments of His teaching still remain. In *Light on the Path* we have some faint fragments of a teaching of long

ago. But we know something of His work in more modern times.

He came as Vyasa and gave to the Hindus the great doctrine of the immanence of God in man—that man and God are one, that man is not a mere expression of God, but very God of very God ; there we have one part of the teaching of that World-Teacher.

And then, later, He came to Egypt, and gave the great doctrine of the Light, that Light that lighteth every dark place, and is the soul of man and symbol of the great God Himself. He came as Thoth, Hermes the Thrice-Greatest.

Then again, in ancient Persia, He taught the mystery of purification by Fire, that inner mystic Fire within our natures which burns away all evil in a great flame of sacrifice. He came as the first Zoroaster.

In Greece He came as the great Lord of Harmony, Orpheus, and taught a way to God by harmonising our natures, by putting

ourselves into tune with Nature, visible and invisible.

Now, all these modes were only partial revelations of the great mystery of man and of God. To each age He gave a way to God, through particular ideals suiting each ; the Self, the Light, the Fire, the Harmony, were Sacraments which He established to help men to God. He revealed them because it was His work to reveal, and He revealed according to the great divine Plan. Just as a flower opens, so the flowers of Religion opened under His sunshine.

Then there came His last offering of all, when He came as the Buddha, and then He came to give a World Religion, whereas before He had given religions to particular peoples. But as His work came to culmination, He gave a great religion that should influence all peoples, the world religion of Buddhism. It was His last magnificent flower offered by Him to God ; and that was the ending of His work.

When, then, He came to the end of the particular work given to Him to do in the great Plan, then there was ready by His side His successor, ready to enter upon *His* work. Some six centuries before Christ we see that work, when suddenly, in the ancient cities of Greece, we see a Unity developed, for men then felt a unity between art and government and philosophy and music and worship.

Then He came to India, and gave there, as Shri Krishna, the next great phase of His message, the road of Devotion, swift as lightning, from the human heart to God.

Then in Palestine, as Christ, He gave the message of Self-sacrifice, of martyrdom for God and in the service of man.

Thenceforth He has been watching, guiding, for the World-Teacher stands always behind all teaching ; and it is because of that fact that I have given as the title of this brief talk, " The World Teacher as the Source of Mysticism."

THE SOURCE OF ALL MYSTICISM.

For what is mysticism? When in the world there comes winter, and snow is everywhere on the ground and on the trees, yet, if you have eyes to look, in every leafless twig there are hidden the leaves that are to come, for before the winter comes all is made ready for the spring, so is it, too, with life; there come the periods when civilisations flourish, but also their day of decadence, when civilisations must perish and go. But also, then, there are being woven the buds of the new civilisation. And that is mysticism, that which realises the eternity of things, when outwardly all things seem impermanent. It is this mysticism that comes in religion, in the poets, in the artists, in every type of dreamer, above all, in those who are impatient with the orthodox ideas in religion, or in science or art. Wherever you have unorthodoxy, that is the sign that there is to be a new Spring; when there are signs of the breaking up of civilisation, signs of the "new" times, they show that a Great

Teacher is at work weaving new vestures for humanity.

Look abroad to-day, and what do you see? A world dying, not only to the West, but to the East too. And underneath all this ghastly tragedy, what is there of the future? Well, that is the message of the Order of the Star in the East, that under all this misery, both for victors and for vanquished, there is being fashioned a greater happiness than humanity has ever known. Why? Because that is part of the World Plan, because the World-Teacher requires new modes of expression, new channels, and these new channels are in the fashioning, and would not be possible but for the breaking down of all our civilisation. We realise that the old ideas of patriotism, of political economy, of internal politics, of the relations between men and women, and all the old ideas of education, must go. We realise we are standing at a world crisis.

But the buds of spring are being woven even now.

What are these buds of spring that herald the Coming of the Teacher? You see them in the unrest of the artist and the dreamer, who sense something to come, seek the future, hardly knowing which way to travel, yet certain that there is a future; and so we have all these experiments in music, in painting, in sculpture, and also in education.

Now, under all this unrest there is One who lives the great life of the world. In all nations there is apparent His mystic life of the world—in poets like Tagore, in the Irish poets, in men who talk of town-planning, in the great dreams of the federation of the world. For a great mystic robe is being woven for God and humanity by the Master Weaver, He who is the World-Teacher. It was His song that nature sang:

"Thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

There stands by us the great Weaver, who weaves for men the beautiful garments they shall put on before God. And if only men could know, as they dream, that there is beside them this mightiest Dreamer, who achieves because it is divine to achieve, what a world it could be for all dreamers and workers!

Now, that is our message to the artist, the philanthropist, to the man and woman of everyday affairs, who cannot help dreaming of beauty, that there can stand beside them a mighty Dreamer. That is a message for the whole world, of a wonderful spring that is dawning, a message which will be better understood perhaps in the years that are still to come.

What of the conditions in this land "when the boys come home" from the war, the conditions between men and women, between capital and labour? We who are members of the Order of the Star in

the East can understand, and so say that behind it all there is a Master of the mystical life, in whose hands all the threads are held, in whose hands the future is sure ; that though we must pass through darkness, yet there will be a dawn. And we need not merely be pious wishers for this dawn, but we can know it, and go about the world and try to give the signs of its certainty, each with a message of bright hope and glory to come. The world needs that message. There is indeed a wonderful mystic life going through the world, a life that, like water trickling through the ground, makes growth and life possible.

We shall have to build up again all cities and nations ; but only in so far as there is in the heart of man, woman and child, a mystic life, will that be possible. So we proclaim that there is a mighty Dreamer, an Elder Brother of men and women, ready to dream with them, One who is a mediator, mediating between the statesman and God, the poet and God, the householder and God.

There is, then, a great wonderful mystery in life, and there is no need greater in these days than to know something of it. And this mystery is being accomplished in each one of us. We work not for ourselves, but for the future, and we feel that the great mystical life is being lived, not by ourselves, but by Someone greater. Faulty and limited as we are, treading these dark ways of life, yet there holds us by the hand this Great One who makes life great. Ours is the message that the whole world requires, and it is our part to stand in the world to-day, not only to dream of the coming spring, but also to see it, and work for it, revealing it to others, rejoicing in it in our own lives.

The Three Old Men

A Parable

NOW it so happened that when those wonderful days for which the Brothers of the Star worked so arduously had come to their fulfilment, the Lord, our Elder Brother, moved among men, preaching and instructing, slowly establishing His Kingdom of Righteousness upon earth. At one place where He had called for volunteers to go forth as His missionaries, north and south and east and west to all parts of the world, there responded to His call many men and women, boys and girls, and one old, old man. He was nearly ninety years old, keen-eyed and eager, but crippled with age, so that he could scarce move. Friends led him to the Lord, and the man said:

"Brother and Master, many long years I have waited for Your Coming, and now I

have seen, and I am blessed. Would that I could have the greater blessing of carrying Your message far and wide, but I am old and my body no longer serves my will."

The Lord looked on him with eyes of utmost friendliness, and said with a radiant smile :

" You were not alone as you waited for my Coming ? "

" No, Brother, two others waited with me, dear friends of mine ; but death came to them before You came. They longed to see You, but their longing was denied. How blessed am I that I still live to see You."

The Lord called up a lad of twelve that had volunteered to be His messenger, and addressed him :

" Son, who are you and whence do you come ? "

" Brother," said the lad, " I was one of the two friends of this old man and I waited with

him for Your Coming. But death called me. I longed for Your Coming, not that my eyes might see, but that the world might be blessed. When death came I committed myself to Your hands and said, 'In Thy Name.' You sent me to be born again, at once, after I died. Now I that was old am a boy, and am happy that, though young and lacking wisdom, I have strength to do Your work."

Then there suddenly appeared an elderly man, that was not there before, and the Lord turned to him and said:

"Brother, who are you and whence do you come?"

The stranger then replied:

"Lord and Friend, I was the other friend of this old man. Death called me too. But I determined that even if I died I would proclaim Your Coming to the dead until You came to us too in the Land of Light. I have

worked for You there these many years. I too am blessed and share my blessing with hundreds who are in my land. They now are round me here, and though these Brothers of Your Star in earthly bodies see them not, You see. We have waited for Your Coming, and we now are ready to do Your will in the lands either of the living or the dead, as You will."

Then the Lord turned to that old, old man and said:

"See, my Brother, you chose not wisely though well. You see Me indeed, but can do little to serve Me. These, your friends, both see Me and help Me now in My work. It had been better that you had not longed so greatly to see Me with your mortal eyes. Your will kept alive your body, but it little serves you or Me now. Had you longed for My Coming for the world's sake, and had trusted to My will, I had released you from your body long ere this, to work for Me now

as these two friends of yours work to-day. Your failing body shall trouble you no longer. But when you return to work for Me, I shall have returned to whence I came. Yet, for that you have served Me, in your way, with your longing to see Me, take my blessing now and always."

God's Sunshine

A Talk to Children

TO-DAY, as you all know, there has been a good deal of rain, and it has not been very pleasant; but now and then a little ray of sunshine has come, and I am sure that the heart of everyone of you was gladdened by it. Sunshine makes such a difference when the day starts gloomy. What do most people do when the sun shines? They say they are glad. But I wonder how many *thank* the sun for shining! It is very important to do that, for it is God Who gives the sunshine, and God likes to know that His children love Him. Now the sunshine that comes to us from the sun makes the plants to grow and the trees to put forth their leaves; and the people who must give the Sunshine that comes from God

are the young people. It is for you boys and girls to do a special work. God gives everyone something to do; He gives the King at Buckingham Palace the duty of governing the people; the Prime Minister and all the other Ministers their work; the soldier the duty of fighting for England and the Empire. And what does He give to boys and girls? He wants you to spread His sunshine; and God's sunshine is not only something that comes down from the sky—it is something that shines in all faces, and especially in the faces of boys and girls. When we who are grown-ups feel that we have not enough sunshine in our lives, we remember that we had it once when we now look at your faces!

You have a great deal of work to do while you are children. One of these days when you grow up you will be brave men and women, but you can now do wonderful things—to give sunshine and to have a spirit of giving thanks for everything that is good

in Nature. When you see a beautiful flower you should feel thankful to the flower for being so beautiful, for it has come to give you its message of beauty; so thank the flower. And when you look at the beautiful fields you should say: "Thank you, field, for being so pretty."

You should always, whenever you see the clouds or mountains or lakes, or a little daisy in the field, not only have an admiration for their beauty, but also thankfulness. And if you do this you will find that your heart will grow clearer and full of song.

Two things there are that I believe, with Ruskin, that it is the duty of young people to do—to dance and to sing; dance in your hearts and sing in your hearts; be continually full of music everyone of you, and learn some singing with the voice. Learn how to draw beautifully, and learn how to dance together with others. All that gives you new beauty: and wherever people gather together and say, "How

beautiful this is," and are willing to worship beauty, God speaks to them. In Church you hear beautiful music, you see the vestments of the priests, and you know that God is in the Church; but also God is to be found elsewhere. When children gather together to play and sing, God plays with them. You *feel* God, you will not see God playing with you, but He is there all the same. He is with you wherever you have the feeling of beauty, and of wanting to give happiness to others. So you must all learn to sing and to dance, in order that you may pass on the sunshine.

We are now in a room in the middle of this building, and there is no ray of sunlight coming into this room, but we know that the sun is shining somewhere; now suppose we had here an arrangement of mirrors so that we could bring the sunshine here into this room; then if there were then here someone who was a cripple and could not go out, he would see the sunshine in the

room. So it is with God's sunshine. Many people there are who want sunshine in their lives and cannot get it; but if a little boy or girl gives sunshine, God will make him like a mirror. There is nothing so good as being a mirror, because the mirror not only tells us of the picture represented in it, but takes a delight in that picture being seen by others.

So be continually full of the spirit of gratitude and thankfulness; thank even the rain; rain is very pleasant. Sometimes, and in India always, without rain we are very miserable. Always be ready to thank whatever comes, and when you have that spirit of thanking always the beautiful things—the bird that flies, or the flower—you will know then that your heart begins to sing; and then you will have something to give to the world.

You are like the King, who is there at Buckingham Palace not to enjoy himself, but to help his people, to give his advice,

his truth, to all his people. Now every one of you has something of the same work to do—every one of you is a little King. How must you give your sunshine? You must give the sunshine by making it easier for people to live; wherever you are, people must be glad that you are with them, that you are not a burden, but have made life easier for them. One way of giving sunshine to people is at home; you have fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers; you must give sunshine to them all in many ways. One way is by always trying to work with them. Whatever is required by you as a member of the family you must each do. In the family there must be a leader, someone who has greater wisdom, and can, therefore, give orders. Now some boys and girls do not like being ordered about, but if you know how to obey, you will know better how to rule, and when you grow up you can be like the King and make people carry out your orders. But you will not be a great

person in the world, a great statesman or artist, unless when you were a boy or girl you learned how to obey. So when a person who is your leader gives you an order, never mind whether the order is to your liking or not, but go and do it, and learn to obey. If you are anxious to know why you were given the order, you can then ask, but only after you have carried it out.

Try to have as the first thing in your life: "Let me make it easy for other people"; do not let your thought be always: "Let them make it easy for me." In making life easy for other people the sunshine comes into you. So, to those in charge of you, try to be not a person who has to be continually thought of in the family, but one who is continually thinking of the family. Try always to make the others round you happy.

Another thing you should do in the home is to look after the flowers; if you see a bed of flowers, and see that something is wrong

with it, put it right. Or if you see a beautiful tree full of flowers, but with some old, dead ones on it, cut off the dead flowers. Always think of the flowers that are round you and of the little bushes in your charge, and of the animals, just as the King thinks of the people in his charge, and the heads of the Army and Navy in the battlefields or at sea think of the people in their charge at home. About animals, you must remember that though you are the elder, yet the animal will some day in the long future be like you, and is there now to be *helped* by you. Try to understand animals, but do not always insist on their doing things that you want them to do; an animal has his likes and dislikes, and sometimes he knows better than you what is best for him.

As you are friendly to animals and to plants, and thank them for being so beautiful, there is one very important thing you should remember: do not *waste* anything; do not break off a twig for no purpose; if you want

it for some special and reasonable purpose, well and good, but do not, as so many boys and girls do, pull things about. Do not pull up a blade of grass unless you have a use for it. How often we destroy things in an aimless sort of way. But if you are going to be thankful to Nature, do not waste. Always try to be friends with everything that is round you. There is this wall against which I am leaning now; I am thankful to it and feel it to be my friend.

If only we can behave properly to animals and plants they will like us. If you want to give sunshine to people be thankful and always friendly, and when you have so learned to be friendly you become a mirror of God's sunshine.

People tell each other lots of things when speaking, but it is not always by talking that we help people. I know lots of little girls and boys who give their message by just *going on*—by just being nice boys and girls, full of their beautiful life. You know

here in England when you began to study religion they told you of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. There is one other God I would like to add, and that is God the Child. You remember how God *was* a child, for He came as the little Christ-Child. God is willing to play with us like a child. The great God whom we worship in the sunshine, in the stars, is not Someone far away ; He is Someone who is willing to work with you and help you—even now just as you are.

I want you to take one great thought away with you, and that is that you have a wonderful work to do when you are boys and girls, not only to prepare for being grown-up, but now while you are all yet boys and girls. It is the boys and girls who tell us grown-ups of the sunshine of life. So do not cover up that sunshine ; we grown-ups want it.

You are already mirrors, but you know that mirrors have scratches and marks on them sometimes. You must put away

every kind of scratch or mark from the mirror of your faces and hearts. Never be cruel; there are many ways of being cruel. It means injuring someone; that is one kind, that is positive cruelty. But you can also be cruel by a word or a look, and you must remember not to be cruel in the little things you pass on about some friend, something unpleasant that you tell about another.

Now as all of you grow up presently in the right way of growing up, don't forget that there cannot be a really beautiful England while there are any boys or girls who are suffering. You are boys and girls who have sunshine in your lives; your parents try to do their best for you, and you must be thankful for that; but what are you going to do when you grow up about the boys and girls who are suffering? You must be "lords" and "ladies." The word "lord" means "guardian of the loaf," the chief who was responsible for feeding the people in his charge; so it was too with the

word "lady," which means "maker of the loaf." Now "lord" and "lady" signify people with lands and titles. The true lords and ladies are those who are continually thinking of the welfare of those among whom they are born.

God gives you sunshine now in order that you may give that sunshine in your homes, to your parents, to friends and relations; do that first and you will find that as you grow up you will be people who are really full of sunshine, not only great Englishmen and Englishwomen, but also real "lords" and "ladies." Your work then will be to think of those who are poor and suffering. You will all take up various occupations, but always remember that you must be the wardens, the guardians, and then people will be glad that you have lived.

There is plenty of sunshine; the sun is always shining somewhere; there is always plenty of happiness. What I want you to remember is that everything is always

beautiful, that if only you can look, even when things are hard, you will see that there is a real bit of sunshine somewhere for you.

I am very glad to see you all, and looking at you and knowing something of what you feel and of what you have in front of you, I look forward into the future, for some day in a future life I shall be a child again. I suppose you know those beautiful lines of Stevenson :

> " Happy hearts and happy faces,
> Happy play in grassy places,
> That was how in ancient ages
> Children grew to kings and sages."

Travelling about the world as a theosophical lecturer I try to make people " kings and sages," but it is rather hard work, because there are not enough " grassy " places for the children to play in ; if there were there would be no need for the Theosophical Society and for its lecturers ; everybody would just grow into kings and sages !

The great thing then is to be full of admiration; admire everything possible, because when you do this you are admiring God; it is God who is the beauty in those things, and God will play with you if you admire Him wherever He is. Never mind the ugly things, but pick out the beautiful things. In each boy and girl there is something of God, for God is not only in the church, He is shining in the faces of every one of you. He is full of beauty and attractiveness. He shines through the smile, the glance of the eye, through the beautiful word and the beautiful music. Try to meet God in all the ways; sing then, and dance, and be happy and full of thankfulness.

A Children's Playhouse

A Dream of the Future

IT is a puzzle to know at times if a dream is a mere fancy or has something really true in it. Many dreams are evidently nonsense; but what of those others which on awaking seem to develop themselves and record more of their details, just as a photographic film develops in a solution? One such dream I record here.

It was a dream of a "Children's Playhouse," a place not in actual existence now anywhere, but going to exist. Of this latter I am quite sure, for that was a mysterious part of the dream. This Children's Playhouse was a building not unlike the Regent Street Polytechnic in London in appearance; it was about the same size, well built, and had all the

stability of a permanent civic institution. But on the arched façade there were, in large letters, these words: "Children's Playhouse." It was a children's building, their very own in every way; and this was its purpose.

In it children were given every opportunity to play. The community that built it had realised that a child grew by play, and that its play could be so arranged as to bring out spontaneously many latent faculties of the child. The crowded condition of the cities of the West had evidently made these Children's Playhouses a necessity; parks were few and crowded, and the grown-ups were there too much in evidence; and besides the parks did not give the children some of the play elements they required. Hence the idea of these Houses.

The basement of the Children's Playhouse was a swimming bath; then on another floor there was a gymnasium, not so much a stiff methodical one for drill

gymnastics, as one with many curious fascinating trick mechanisms to delight boys and girls, in addition to the usual fittings; there was a workshop of benches and tools and lathes of every kind, with tables not too high for young people, and every ingenious device for making aeroplanes and other fascinating things; there was a sand room for little tots; a room for indoor team play like Basket Ball; and many many other things my mind cannot grasp. This much I know, that it was a place for children of all ages from the earliest years when they could play till they were about fourteen; and every possible kind of play and amusement was arranged for them by those in charge.

The people in charge were mostly ladies; there were some who were like nurse-maids for the very little folks, to tidy them and look after their little bodies; others had a special gift of story-telling, and gathered children round them

and held them enthralled; others guided the boys and girls of a mechanical turn of mind. One thing that was clear in their minds was that they were there not to *teach* the children, but to *play* with them; it was their duty to develop in the child the sense of wonder and vitality.

One impression about the Children's Playhouse that I cannot forget is what the children themselves thought of their House. It was a vivid thing in their lives. It was their club; the "Olympians" were kept out, and so a child could there sit in a corner with a book and dream, or dress himself as a Red Indian or a Pirate, or take a mechanical toy to pieces and put it together again, and do all kinds of un-Olympian things. The little tots went there, or were taken there and given into the charge of the matron, happily enough but as a matter of course; but boys and girls of ten and twelve looked forward to their hours in the Playhouse as we might

to an exciting holiday. A boy would come home from school, swallow a mouthful of food, and then rush out to the Playhouse as though there the welfare of the world was at stake; and indeed it was at stake, for him, in working out some thought he had had during the day.

This was my dream; I woke up throbbing with it. Any time now, months after the dream, that I dwell upon it, more and more elements of this future "Children's Playhouse" weave themselves into my imagination. And I like to dwell on it, because the world is slowly awakening to sweetness and light, and I think the children will come to their own. If every ward of every city could have a "Children's Playhouse," within two generations we could close most of our prisons; we now expect grown-ups to play the rôle of men or women, as ideal citizens, when they have not had their chance of playing their rôle as boys and girls; in our

schemes of civic training we put the cart before the horse and then deplore that we make no headway and that human nature is not better. Let us give what the children want above all things, next to healthy bodies, and that is play; let us with our wiser heads guide their play energies; let us organise ourselves a little for their benefit; and then we shall find that human nature is divine nature and not less, and that in the happy vitality and the bright smile of a child we can see something of a Divine Child that once played with cowherds and lay in a manger.

In the Starlight

I.

August, 1916.

LIFE and death are inseparable, but which of the two is more real to a man depends on what are his beliefs. There is no better instance to-day than what is happening in France and in England, the two countries profoundly affected by the war into which I have come from India. Soldiers everywhere in "horizon blue" or in khaki tell us of war, its manliness and its heroism; but there are also the veils of crêpe of the resigned mothers and widows and sisters to tell us of the horror of it all. The utter savagery of modern warfare might well make us despair of the future of humanity; after the dozens of religions this world has seen, after all the

"humanities" that have been taught us from our universities, what a mockery civilisation is to-day. This is the death side of the world's events of to-day.

But there is the life side too. In the ruined villages and towns, from the very heaps burying their owners, there shoot up blades of grass of the freshest green, and flowers spring up in every nook and cranny. In our cities the wounded and the maimed pass haltingly by; but children with merry eyes trip along also. This is Life, life ever new, ever weaving new habitations out of the grave-cloths enwrapping its former dwelling. And when we know that the ghastly tragedy of the world being pulled down into dust is only in order that there may be bricks to fashion a new world as the World-Teacher shall direct it, more important than the death and decay to-day are the symptoms of the life that is putting forth its green shoots everywhere. For in these two

countries, France and England, men now talk of "reconstruction;" the thought is everywhere. "After the war, things will be different"—so runs a thought-stream silently but increasingly through men's minds.

Naturally to the thousands who know not of a Coming, the world is more full of death just now than of life. It seems as if so many generations will have to pass before the present bitter hatreds will die down; and there are problems, too, round us looming large on the horizon—the problem of capital and labour after the war, that of India's place in a reconstructed British Empire, the race problem everywhere as between the white and the coloured peoples, the problem of what women's place shall be in the state, and so on, problem after problem. The ending of this war of guns will but be the prelude to many other wars—civil wars

(if war can ever be "civil") not less productive of suffering than national wars. The outlook is not bright, when the world is looked at with the outer unimaginative eyes; what they see is best described by the three savage but graphic words of the *Daily Mail's* news-poster yesterday —"Muddle, Muddle, Muddle." Yes, truly, the world is one big Muddle; in spite of our "civilisation," we have yet to learn to be *civil* to each other, in our individual and corporate lives. Life and civilisation seem one rubbish heap, one "dump" whereon we throw bit by bit the civilisation we are forced to "scrap" to-day.

But thanks be to God that there is one aspect of Him as Shiva the Destroyer, and that He now speaks His message through the mouth of guns; for we have so long been deaf to His voice when He spoke as the wailing of the poor. Our civilisation has trained us to see His beauty in the dewdrop of the field, but not

to see that beauty in the teardrops of humanity. We have loved His voice in the symphonies of Beethoven, but how we have shrunk from His voice when it was the shriek of agony of the betrayed. We have sought to greet God according to *our* pleasure, but not according to His. And now has come the reckoning. Henceforth life must be to us one, a whole, where God dwells equally in the centre of fullest light as in the periphery in total darkness.

After winter comes the spring; nay, more, before winter begins spring is already in the making. The leaves turn yellow and brown, and die and fall, but only because the new leaves for the spring are already made. It is the newcomer, hidden and protected from the winter that is to come, who pushes the mellow leaf from the twig; the bareness of the tree is only to the eye; to the inner sense the perfect foliage of the spring is fully planned and awaits for the achievement

only the call of the sun. A few days of warmth, and lo, spring is with us, and we know that summer is sure. So, too, the world is being unmade, and the leaves fall and winter is upon us. I think that that winter has scarcely begun. What matter, if our eyes can see the spring foliage wrapped up against the cold in the tiny bud? And who may not see that spring?

For this is the message to the world of the Brothers of the Star, that the Lord of the Springtime of the World is already weaving His magic wonders, even to the sound of guns. Round Him are gathering the reconstructors of His new world; in the eyes of boys and girls, in their happy laughter and smiles, is something already of His sunshine; in the dreams of Socialist and philanthropist, in the mysticism of philosopher and scientist, shines even now something of His Wisdom. The world is one battlefield and charnel-house? Only to *our* eyes. But to His eyes there are also

the blades of grass and the wild flowers that blossom among the ruins; and there is before His gaze the world to be, of the boys and girls of to-day, who, if they could but live now in a children's happy world, will gather round Him as His captains of a world reconstructed for all humanity. Happy the Brothers of the Star who, looking at life and death, see the mystery of death and the greater mystery of Life.

In the Starlight

II.

September, 1916.

"LET us be one" is the hidden message of Life, and all men follow that command consciously or unconsciously. Hitherto it has been unconsciously, except with the few idealists the world has seen; for the most part, men strive to go their separate ways, little heeding the unity of which each is a part. But life forces all men, sooner or later, to the one path; the history of civilisation is the story of stragglers who are being forced to go a common road.

Hitherto the bonds that unite man and man are love of wife and child, of the fatherland, and the worship of a common God. The larger bonds that link nation to nation have been for the most part of a slight texture; they have been fashioned

by the common interests of politics and of commerce. Now and then there has been an exception, when a religion has for a while imposed a unity of thought and feeling over many nations; this was the case in the Middle Ages when the power of the Pope guided the rule of kings, and it still is the case among Mohammedans who feel a stronger bond of religion than of race. In Europe there has also been for centuries among the educated the bond of the common cultural tradition of Greece and Rome.

A new series of bonds began with modern science; the power of science seemed as if it might weld all nations into one commonwealth of progress and well-being; national patriotisms disappeared in the enthusiasm of the search for a truth that was for all men. Somewhat similar, too, was the power of the bond that was slowly established by International Law. Socialism also began to link nation and nation, though it was chiefly

the proletariat of each that was mainly affected.

Thus, slowly, mankind has been guided to come a little nearer to unity by these many bonds. But now, where are they? Nothing is so characteristic of the downfall of modern civilisation as the fact that these bonds are now gone. Religion counts little to bind nation and nation—Christian fights Christian to-day in the battlefields of Europe, as Muslim fights Muslim in Egypt and Mesopotamia. Scientists that erstwhile took a pride in saluting the worth of foreign scientists now undermine that very worth; and International Law (to think now how once I studied it for three years!)—what is it now but mere national will? Where, too, is Socialism which seemed to bind proletariats as by unbreakable chains? A common fear of the future has bound nations into groups, and the world at war has unlocked such disruptive forces as probably the world has never seen before.

Yet, all the while, life says, "Be One," and One we must inevitably become. Is there nothing out of the present wreck of civilisation that will be of use for the life of that united world to which men must come again?

One thing alone has stood the test, and it is love of art. German Zeppelins fly over England and hurl bombs at fortifications that do not exist, and kill innocent men and women and children; yet in England—while these horrors take place—I have heard "Tristan und Isolde" from first act to last, and, too, the glories of Beethoven and Bach and Mozart; the magic motives of Wagner's "Ring" I can hear still, for there is still a "Wagner Night" at Queen's Hall, and a "Beethoven Night" too. Thank God there is something still left of the old world for us dreamers who dream for Humanity; thank God the foul miasmas of war have not altogether killed every green shoot on the eternal tree of Brotherhood.

Those of us who love the beauties of art—whether in poetry or music, sculpture or architecture, whether of Greece or Rome or of any modern nation, it matters little—we have a special sacred mission these days; it is to purify the oppressive atmosphere of the world by flashing into it and through it the sunny life of God. The love of all that is beautiful (and loving anything makes it beautiful) is a crucible wherein can be transmuted the hate that is rising from day to day. It is so hard for us just now, since we are men still, to return love for hate, when that hate has taken from us all that we had in life worth living for; harder than ever is it now to live up to the gospel, "Hatred ceases not by hatred, hatred ceases only by love." Yet there is one part of us which is not of man but of God, and it is that aspect of ourselves which we realise when we love all beautiful things. When, then, the newspapers tell us truths, half-truths, and lies to foster our hate, let us turn to a poem

and purify ourselves with it ; when the heart is bitter because of what has been taken from it, let us listen to a symphony that will tell us of a Heart greater than ours, a Heart that can embrace friend and foe alike because both are dreams of God.

The sense of the world to-day is all confused ; things of the mental world are all confounded. Politics is a chaos ; International Law is a dream without substance ; science achieves more destruction than salvation ; and philosophy is still expounding universals, while particular man is helplessly floundering. We need to rise above the fogs and illusions of the mind. The greater need, then, to come to the Beautiful, for Art is " common sense "—that innate, unerring sense which tells of man's heritage of the Beautiful and speaks to him of that phase of himself which is for all the world, of those eternal possessions which he may possess with all men. When there is so much nonsense in the world hypnotising

men's minds, and so much that emphasises what is not held in common by all men, what a relief to hear a universal language, every word of which thrills with meaning !

The future life of the world is through Brotherhood, and all men are called to prepare its way. Ghastly as it sounds, this war of the world is a part of that preparation ; but " needs must be that evil comes, but woe unto him through whom the evil cometh." We all shall share in a bitter reaping, some more and some less. Yet let us not be dismayed thereby. For if we have been called upon to destroy, we are called upon to construct too. It is the construction that is the special duty of the Brothers of the Star; the plan has been made by the Grand Architect, and on it is written at the four cardinal points Brother, Brother, Brother, and Brother. In our own lives we must be the Brother to all that lives ; yea, though our own beloveds are slain and anger rises in our hearts against those that slew them.

There is one shrine still left open where man may serve Brotherhood ; it is his sense of the beautiful. For the basis of beauty is a Divine Unity, and there all men live as facets to reflect that Beauty's glory. To turn with gratitude to the sunset is to unite in an eternal now all the sunsets that have ever been ; it is also to make all men, even those whose eyes are earthwards, understand something of the message of sunsets. The beautiful in poems, pictures, symphonies, statues, unites us to all men ; the beautiful in the hills, the seas, the plains, leads friend and foe alike by the hand to come before the great Maker of Beauty. Men may have many fatherlands, but man the artist, the worshipper and creator of the beautiful, has but one, the Fatherland of the Great Father Himself, who "moves the sun and the other stars." *Dahin, dahin, möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn.*

In the Starlight

III.

October, 1916.

THERE is nothing so pathetic to observe in these days as that for the great religions everybody's guidance is nobody's guidance. Each religion has the teaching of Love; but who is there to teach us what love means *in little things?* We understand the general problem of loving humanity, and, even though vaguely, the less general problem of loving our neighbour; but the particular problem of love as a *practical* daily expression of spirituality is still a great mystery. It is when we come to the *particular* manifestations of love and brotherhood that there is an unreality about love. Yet Love is the law; and till the great Star of Love abides with

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us to teach us love in little things we must find out the little ways of love for ourselves.

They are really everywhere; each can find out the little ways of love as all things in life are tested with the one touchstone, "Will this make life for my brother man easier?" Let me mention a few ways of love in little things. And first, love in the lecture room, since attendance at lectures plays such a great part in the lives of cultured men to-day. Then we shall continually think of our fellow men who with us make the audience; we shall arrange to come early to take our seats, and not at the last moment in a crowd; we shall not sit in the back rows because we are shy, leaving the front rows vacant, only to be filled up after the lecture has begun, creating distraction both to the lecturer and the audience; we shall not sit at the end seats of an aisle necessitating others to push themselves painfully past our knees to the empty seats beyond us.

And we shall observe this kindliness to our neighbour, not only in the lecture room, but in the theatre too.

Then, in these days of crowds, we shall instinctively train ourselves to behave so as to enhance the comfort of others; if to purchase tickets for train or theatre we shall swiftly, without being ordered, take our places in line, because that makes for smoothness and absence of irritation; we shall renounce the spirit of the brute of jostling and crowding, and regain our heritage as men through kindliness and through delight in order and method.

We shall then think, too, of our juniors in the social structure, of those who serve us for pay. How often does it not happen that the house numbers are placed so that they are scarcely to be seen at night and a cabdriver has to peer to locate a house? Why should he have that extra anxiety in life if, by a very little thought, we can

make the number of such a size and illuminated in such a way as the driver will see it readily? Why must a housemaid sweep a room bending down with broom and pan, if she can do the work as well with an automatic sweeper that enables her to work without tiring herself by bending? Would it not be love in little things to provide her with such sweepers as have already been invented which do the mechanical work with a vacuum or motor—or with anything else, it scarce matters what—so long as her bodily energy is called forth less and less for mechanical physical work and her mind is freer to direct that work to be done by a machine?

When we know of love in little things, then shall we see the hate of the brute in a thousand and one things we have tolerated so long. Why must people stand outside a theatre for hours in a queue, simply because they cannot pay enough money for reserved seats? Why should not seats

be reservable by them, too, beforehand? Then all would go to the cheap seats, says the business man. There was a time in London theatres when no seats could be reserved under seven shillings and sixpence; later four-shilling seats, too, could be reserved, but not seats of lesser price; now seats for half-a-crown can be reserved, but not yet for a shilling, not for sixpence. Yet the theatres have thriven all the time.

What more painful denial of Brotherhood is there than what is so often seen in cities in India, when three coolies haul a heavy load, two pulling and a third pushing with his head? Such labour of haulage requires less intelligence than is needed even from an animal, for a motor will do the work quite as well; why, then, should a child of God, a man with an immortal soul, do the work that a machine can do as well? Only because we are blind to love in little things do we tolerate these desecrations of the life of God in man.

How many are there not of our comforts that mean such denials of Brotherhood? Before a comfortable coal or gas fire, how many of us picture the gaunt and sallow faces of many a miner who has dug that coal—a work that a mere machine would do, if only our feeling for Brotherhood were strong enough to refuse to buy coal dug as now? Inventors will swiftly invent machines to do the work required, if only they had a proper incentive. But we do not give them the incentive to go to their discoveries, for we do not know of love in little things. Nations to-day have both the brains and the means to banish from their national life each denial of Brotherhood; only one thing is lacking—the spirit of Love which proclaims not only a love of God in a heaven, but also a love of Him in His children in mine and in factory, in prison and in slum.

When we feel a little of real Brotherhood we shall know that to tolerate the causes of pain to our neighbour is an injury of

him from ourselves. We shall then talk less of Brotherhood and Ideals, and delight more in being a brother to elder and younger alike, and take a supreme joy in love in little things. And when, in a few brief years, the Great Brother comes and asks, "Little Brother, what did you do in My name and for Me?" we shall then be able to look up and smile and say, "Great Brother, I loved men in little things."

Order of the Star in the East

★

Principles

This Order was founded in January, 1911, to draw together those who believe in the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher for the helping of the world. It is thought that its members may, on the physical plane, do something to prepare public opinion for His coming and to create an atmosphere of welcome and of reverence; and, on the higher planes, may unite in forming an instrument of service ready for His use. The Declaration of Principles, acceptance of which is all that is necessary for admission to the Order, is as follows:

1. We believe that a great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.
2. We shall try, therefore, to keep Him in our minds always, and to do in His name, and therefore to the best of our ability, all the work which comes to us in our daily occupations.
3. As far as our ordinary duties allow, we shall endeavour to devote a portion of our time each day to some definite work which may help to prepare for His coming.
4. We shall seek to make DEVOTION, STEADFASTNESS and GENTLENESS prominent characteristics of our daily life.
5. We shall try to begin and end each day with a short period devoted to the asking of His blessing upon all we try to do for Him and in His name.
6. We regard it as our special duty to try to recognise and reverence greatness in whomsoever shown, and to strive to co-operate, so far as we can, with those whom we feel to be spiritually our superiors.

All in agreement with the above Principles are cordially invited to join the Order.

The Order of the Star in the East

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